THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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"DREADNOUGHT" BANNED.

We are informed that women who have been seen in the meal hours reading the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT in the Queen's Workroom at Poplar, have been told that the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT must not be brought into the room. This sort of tyranny must be put an end to. The women have a right to read what they choose in their own time.

HOW THE VOTE HELPS.

Women have the Vote in California, and in the Californian Court of Appeal it has just been decided that the father of an illegitimate child may be made responsible for its maintenance. Hitherto, when the mother has not been able to support the child the Californian State has been obliged to do it. But when women get the Vote they see to it that the responsibility is placed on the right shoulders. In the case in point the father was earning £30 to £40 a month, the mother was earning £7, and had been paying £4 a month out of it for the child.

At the November elections in Chicago 75 per cent. of the women registered went to the polls.

WINNING VOTES FOR WOMEN IN NEVADA.

As we all know, the women of Nevada State won the Vote last month. The question, as all important questions are in America, was submitted to the voters.

Miss. Margaret Foley, a Boston working woman, who went to help in the Nevada campaign, at once announced that she would canvass every mining camp in the State.

She was told by men politicians that this was impossible and in fact "unheard of even for a man to undertake," also that if she did so, she would have to go "without decent food and sleeping quarters for ten days at a time!"

But she persisted. She says: "I sometimes slept in sheds, without any bedclothing, and with no locks on the doors, and often with nothing but canvas partitions in the hotels where there was a hotel at all.

"I went underground in the mines at Goldfield, Tonapah, Virginia City, Searchlight, Pioche, Ely, Eureka and Austin to talk to the men. Some of the mines into which I went down were 2,500 feet deep, and so hot that a miner can only work for 15 minutes at a time, and then has to rest while another takes his place. The political candidates who were campaigning did not go down; they only sent down their literature.

"Often I reached a little town at 3 o'clock in the morning to find Indians lurking around the station, and only a stray passer by to help me find the hotel in the blackness. One night I had to take a 50-mile ride across the desert with two drunken cowboys in the tonneau of the automobile. After they awoke from a sleep on the bottom of the car they started to shoot. 'Here,' I said, 'supposing you let me try to shoot.' Finally, they gave me their revolvers and I escaped having my hat shot off.

"It was a great victory, considering the odds against us. Nevada is a man's State, practically all mining camps. We had the richest man in the State to fight. He and his henchmen were afraid suffrage would put a ban on gambling and defeat the attempt to repeal the new and stricter divorce law. He was a notorious gambler and owned some of the richest mines in the State, as well as many of the newspapers. He declared he would leave the State if we won at the election. Thirty-two of his employees who attended one of my meetings were discharged the following morning.

"In spite of this opposition and lack of funds, we won out with a majority of 3,000 carrying all but two counties. We were handicapped in a thousand ways. The women of Nevada have had only $10,000 to spend on the campaign in the last three years.

"How did I get the crowds at my meetings? When I struck a town some chivalrous rancher or miner would send off a stick of dynamite or shoot his revolver a couple of times to draw an audience, and in a twinkling the cowboys and ranchers would hurry into the centre of the town to see what the excitement was. In Wadsworth, where there were a great many Indians, they even brought out their band.

"I got $300 for suffrage buttons on the trip. When I was at Reno at the end of the campaign a miner came up to me and said: 'Do you remember selling me a suffrage button in Rawhide, Miss Foley?' I replied that I did, and he went on: 'Well, we had a party that night after the meeting, a hat-trimming contest for the men. I put that suffrage button on my hat and won $25. I paid you $1 for that button and here is $5 more.' I went sometimes for a week without sleep except such snatches as I could get on the train, and I know now what it means to be really hungry. I paid as much as 50 cents for a small pitcher of hot water in some of the mining camps. But I just made up my mind to do it so it would never have to be done again. And it never will, believe me."

Miss Foley is right, Votes for Women once won can never be withdrawn, and there will be no more campaigns for the Vote in Nevada State.

And now the women of Nevada must begin to use their Vote for winning other things!

BEST CHRISTMAS WISHES TO OUR READERS
AND MAY THE NEW YEAR BRING VOTES FOR WOMEN.

IN THE BABY FACTORY.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens, why then deny us the right to vote which would dignify our labour and increase our power of service.

MAKING UP THE "DREADNOUGHT."

"Two things can go through the solid oak, "says Richard Jefferies," the lightning of the clouds that rends the iron timber, the lightning of the spring—the electricity of the sunbeams forcing him to stretch forth and lengthen his arms for joy." Shells fired by hostile cannon they, too, can shatter the solid oak, as they can poor human flesh. The sorrow they bring can kill the joy in our hearts, but beyond them lies our eternal hope for the future of human-kind.

THE POPLAR WOMEN'S HALL.

Though Europe be "rattling back to barbarism," still we must keep our flag of freedom flying, still we must strive to secure that men and women dowered with equal rights and opportunities shall together build a glorious future for the race.

The Resolutions to be discussed at the Annual Conference of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes, together with Nomination Forms for the Officers and Committee, are now being sent out.

If you are a Member it is essential that you should have these Forms, and if you do not receive them by December 22, please notify me at 400 Old Ford Road, giving your full address.

Members must be sure to attend the—

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

AT

BOW BATHS,

Monday, Jan. 4th, 1915,

8 p.m.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST,
Hon. Sec.

We appeal to our friends to remember our very urgent need of funds—both to carry on our extensive relief work and for propaganda. We have a big programme of work arranged for the new year, which includes a Trafalgar Square Meeting just before the opening of Parliament.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

By Edith R. Mansell-Moullin.

I am going to try to show that there is an analogy between the great European War and the woman's fight for the vote.

The Germans say that England is fighting for a scrap of paper. I cannot say if this is true or not, for the so-called great ones of the earth, who will the destinies of peace and war among the nations, do not take me into their confidence; but, granted it is true, why should a scrap of paper be spoken of contemptuously as if it were so small a thing? True, it may be utterly worthless, something to tear up or throw away, but it is not always so. A scrap of paper given to you by the man to whom it belonged and signed by him, might represent, if he were a millionaire, a huge fortune. We have become familiarised since the War with scraps of paper, which are certainly not worthless—they represent £1 and 10s. each—but they are scraps of paper all the same; therefore, I think we may say that a scrap of paper is worth just what it represents.

We have in our midst to-day the people of another nation—"our little brother Belgium"—people who have suffered terribly, and to whom we are giving hospitality; and, if the scrap of paper, for which the Germans say we are fighting, represented our word of honour to that nation, it represented a very great thing indeed, and is worth a great sacrifice on our part.

Now, for the past six years the anti-Suffragist has been saying that we are fighting for an utterly worthless thing—a scrap of paper—the ballot paper on which we want to record our vote. To the antis this is just a scrap of paper; they do not look behind it and find out what it is worth.

I have no hesitation in saying that this scrap of paper is of priceless value, and it is chiefly owing to the lack of it that women are in the state of degradation in which they are to-day.

If we had this scrap of paper we should not be regarded as something sub-human; we should not be spoken of as evil things to be avoided. "Beware of wine and women" is the order given to our soldiers to-day.

We hear that the fight abroad is for everything worth having—for civilisation, in fact. But there is no need to go abroad to fight for civilisation. Those of us who stay at home can fight against barbarism and tyranny in our very midst.

I need not point out to the readers of this paper the insults that have been heaped upon women during the past few months; the inquisitorial methods that are employed to find out every detail of their lives; the curtailment of their liberties; and the miserable pittance on which they are supposed to live. These have been set forth week by week.

What I want to emphasise is that we must not for one moment give up the fight for our scrap of paper, for the future of the race and *the peace of the world* depend upon the woman's voice being heard in the government of all nations.

We hear it said that ours is a political question, and therefore must be put on one side while the country is at war. But there are many sides to our fight besides the political one: there is the economic, the moral, and the spiritual side. With grim poverty stalking this land as it is this winter, and with thousands of women having to carry on the daily struggle alone, those fiends who traffic in human lives will be more than ever on the alert.

Through economic degradation many of our young women will fall an easy prey—alas!—to those who will bring about their moral degradation. We cannot, therefore, relax in our fight for a single instant. And in this connection I want to say that there is a parrot cry to-day which, to my mind, is a very evil one, and that is: "Business as usual." Why should business be as usual? Nothing else is as usual!

The people of this country are very fond of catchwords, they say them over and over again until they think they are creeds. When I hear of "business as usual" I think of a fur sewer I used to know.

She worked at home, the home being one room, sewing skins together to line coats, which were eventually sold for high prices by *large West End firms*.

You could not see across the room for the particles of fur that were floating about, and which caused one to cough incessantly. She often worked 16 hours a day to try to earn 1s. 6d. I went to see her one day as I heard she had just been confined. She was lying on the floor in the corner of the room, as she had pawned her bed. I shall never forget her reply when I enquired for the baby. "Oh, she has gone," she said, "and I am glad, as it was a girl. She might have grown up to be like me, and I couldn't bear to think of it, there's no room for women in this world."

This is how "business as usual" is carried on by the sweating and crucifixion of women, and I ask you most earnestly: Can you tolerate it any longer?

Only last week I saw a little boy of three years putting cigarettes into tissue paper envelopes. His baby face was puckered with anxiety, while his tiny fingers put five into each packet, and then placed the envelopes in a box. His mother said to me sadly: "He's got to do it, I've a long family and my husband has gone to the War, and I couldn't keep on the *business as usual* if we didn't all work."

Think of it! A baby of three years sitting still, hour after hour, at work, instead of laughing and being at play! I say "business as usual" is an ignoble cry, and one that Suffragettes must fight against with all their might.

Would that we had won our scrap of paper before the War; but not having done so we must work now harder than ever to keep the flag flying during these terrible days.

The Suffrage flag is different from all others—it is the flag of *all* nations.

It stands for the international sisterhood of women; it stands for the new chivalry, the chivalry of women towards women, the chivalry of women towards the weak, the helpless and the oppressed, regardless of age, sex, race or clime.

Soon the Christmas bells will be ringing and in thousands of homes all over the world countless women racked with anxiety will be straining their ears to hear a faint echo of the Angels' Song, of "Peace on Earth." But there is no peace, there can be, there shall be no peace, while one man's gain is another man's loss, one woman's honour is bought through another woman's shame, one young girl is driven by necessity to sell her body for bread, one little child is crying for food!

Dear Friends,—There is only one greeting we can give each other this Christmas Time, a time that reminds us of sublime humility and self-sacrifice—"Fight on, keep the Flag flying so that we may face the future full of Faith and Hope."

HEALTH IN POPLAR.

The Medical Officer of Health for the Borough of Poplar reports that for the four weeks ending November 7th the death rate in Poplar was 16.0 per 1,000, in Bromley 13.1 per 1,000, and in Bow 18.2 per 1,000. The death rate for inner London during the same period being 14.1 per 1,000. The deaths from zymotic diseases were as follows: Poplar, 2.0 per 1,000 living; Bromley, 1.6 per 1,000 living; Bow, 3.8 per 1,000 living. The death rate from all causes in September was per thousand persons living 15.5 in London, 21.0 in Poplar, 19.2 in Bethnal Green, and 25.8 in Shoreditch.

The Poplar Health Department reports as to the infants whose mothers have been visited and advised as to feeding and other matters. Of 231 born in September 1913, 44 removed and were not traced; 187 thus remained, and of these 22 died during the year. The death rate was thus 117 per 1,000.

"STUPENDOUS."

By Christopher St. John.

"Don't use big words; they mean so little," says a character in "The Ideal Husband," and if we have any time to spare from congratulating ourselves on our existing national virtues, we might devote it to trying to acquire another—that of measuring words to their duty.

This word "stupendous," for example. It has become very popular, and in its frequent use I detect the tendency to confuse greatness with mere bigness, and to view all questions with materialistic eyes. At this time, when we are keeping the anniversary of a "stupendous" event, which was so small in its immediate influence that only a handful of people knew that it had taken place, it may be appropriate, not to say becoming, to drop grandiloquent talk about the European War. If we believe that the soul of one human being, containing as it does the Kingdom of God, is more precious than all the kingdoms of this world, we shall not be misled by statements that this War "transcends all limits of thought, imagination and reason." Many people are obsessed just now by *millions*—Millions of pounds spent, millions of men engaged in slaughter, millions of women engaged in repairing the ravages of slaughter—yes, even millions of cigarettes being sent to the front! Millions are quoted to assure us that the War can end only one way; "250 millions of people, other things being equal, must beat 115 millions, and there is no help for it."

With all this cannonade of numbers raging in our ears, let us keep our heads, or rather our *souls*. It was not by millions either of men or money that the world was redeemed, but by one solitary painful death. Again the majesty of God was not revealed in stupendous commotions and armies of angels, but in a voice *canentium in silentio*.

Practically, reflections of this kind have some use in arming us against the materialism, which is one of the worst effects of war. Materially speaking, the little regiment of women who have been fighting English Prussia in this England of ours, during the last ten years, make a poor show compared to the armies in European battlefields, fighting Prussian Prussia. The atrocities that have been committed in Belgium in the name of war outnumber those which have been committed in England in the name of peace. The deaths of our soldiers in action outnumber, in a given period, the deaths of soldiers in our never-ceasing industrial war. But if you are affected only by greater numbers and more glorious circumstances, believe me you are a materialist. Materialist, also, if your conscience wakes to the sufferings of Belgium, and sleeps to the sufferings of England. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall it profit England if she crush the German tyrant, and leave her own tyrannies in great power?

A VISION.

There is a silent woman in this land—
A silent woman, thinking all this while
Beside a fire upon a little hearth
As narrow as a cradle—or a grave!
Strange echoes reach her from the world outside,
And move, and thrill her; but she sits and waits
And muses in her corner 'midst the shades.
She listens to the voices from her hearth,
And answers not again nor contradicts.
Though sometimes in her eyes a smile will gleam,
A shadow sometimes rest upon her brow.
And all this time she never speaks a word
Save gentle love. And by her house there sound
A thousand echoes from the world outside.
When she shall speak, ah, then the world will hear,
Will listen as she listened all this while,
For as her strength was in the little house
So strong will be her presence in the world.

Ethel Carnie.

From "Voices of Womanhood." Headly Brothers, Bishopsgate.

ARMY CONTRACTS AND SWEATING.

In our issue of November 7th we printed the statement of the Anti-Sweating League concerning sweating by Government Contractors. They found the Government prices "in general good," and asserted that "any good worker" should be able to earn "in the neighbourhood of 20s. a week," "without any difficulty."

Fortunately the Public Health Officers of Bethnal Green have been less easy to satisfy and reported to the Home Office the following piece rates paid for Government work:—

Soldiers' flannel belts, 8d. a dozen. Cotton provided by homeworker. Time to make one dozen, three hours.

Army haversacks (machining): earnings, 3s. a day—from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. Thread provided by employer.

Making soldiers' needlecases, 2d. dozen; thread provided by homeworker. (In this case the work is taken by the homeworker from a woman who pays the homeworker 2d. a dozen, whilst the woman is paid by the contractor 3½d. a dozen.)

Binding soldiers' canvas bags, 1s. 2d. a dozen; thread found by homeworker.

Making officers' needle-bags, 7½d. a dozen; thread found by employer.

Making shirts, 3s. 6d. a dozen; thread found by employer at 3½d. a reel of 1,000 yds.

Khaki sleeve waistcoats. Homeworker makes sleeves, lines collar, and sews garment, sleeves included, at 3s. a dozen. (No buttons or buttonholes.) Cotton, provided by homeworker, costs 2½d. a dozen.

Tailoring trousers (for shipping trade). Prices range from 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. a dozen; cotton provided by homeworker.

Children's overalls, 10d. and 1s. 3d. a dozen; cotton provided by homeworker.

Blouse work, 2s. a dozen; cotton provided by homeworker.

Green canvas kitbags, machined at 1s. 2d. a dozen; cotton provided by homeworker.

This led to Home Office enquiries, and the Public Health Committee say that in some cases direct action will be taken for infringement of the provisions of the Trade Boards Act, and that in other cases action is contemplated under the Factory and Workshops Acts and other statutes.

Needless to say Bethnal Green is not the only Borough in which there is army sweating. We, ourselves, have published many flagrant cases of sweating, and the Workers' National War Emergency Committee gives the following further instances:—

1. A London West-End firm making sailors' flannel shirts 1¼ yards long and 1½ yards round the bottom with special work round the neck, is offering out-workers 2s. 6d. per dozen, the work to be fetched and the worker to find her own cotton.

2. A provincial firm making army shirts is paying 3s. 3d. per dozen, while other firms are paying 4s. 6d. for the same work in the same town.

3. A provincial firm is paying outworkers 1d. each for making soldiers' beds. For a long day's work the women earn 1s. In the same town another firm is paying 4½d. per bed, the women finding the cotton, estimated at 1½d. per bed.

4. A London firm is paying girls for home work 1s. 3d. a dozen for soldiers' beds.

5. A London firm is paying outworkers on bed cushions a rate which enables them to earn about 1d. per hour. The same firm is paying 4d. each to outworkers for making coats.

The demands made by the Workers' National Committee for the publication of a list of firms have received the following reply from Mr. Baker, financial secretary of the War Office:—

"This is, I understand, a question affecting other Government departments as well, and the matter has been brought to the notice of the Prime Minister, but so far as the War Office is concerned I am afraid that it would be a practical impossibility to compile any such lists during the present pressure. You will, I think, understand that in some cases, in the public interest, such information must be regarded as confidential. Apart from these considerations I can assure the Committee that there is no desire for secrecy on the part of the War Office."

Mr. Baker apparently wishes us to believe that lists of Army contractors for the different departments are not kept. It has long appeared that the War Office was partially staffed with mental deficients, but there must be some kind of record kept, if only of bills paid! As to Mr. Baker's statement that such lists must be suppressed in the public interest, this could only apply to armament contractors.

The necessity for the list has chiefly arisen in connection with the making of soldiers' clothing, brushes and kit bags. No questions of strategy can account for the refusal to publish the names of the firms executing such things.

GIVE THIS PAPER TO A FRIEND.

SAILOR'S WIDOWS.

No Payment of Allotment after One Month.

"It is now generally known that a soldier's widow and children are entitled to separation allowance and allotment at the customary rate for six months after the man's death. This rule, however, does not apply to the sailor's widow, who receives no allotment after the month in which death occurs, although the separation allowance continues until arrangements are made for her pension. These are completed with all possible despatch. The Admiralty have also stipulated that where no allotments were in force before a man's death, separation allowance cannot be paid to his dependents, until the question of pensions and allowances generally has been settled by the Government, on the report of the committee now dealing with the matter."—*News of the World.*

What possible justification can there be for differentiating in this way between the dependents of soldiers and sailors? Landlords and tradesmen make no difference. We do not trust the Admiralty's "all possible despatch." If it is like that at the War Office, it merely spells intolerable delay.

MAKING THE WOMAN PAY.

For giving with one hand and taking away with the other it would be hard to beat the present Government and its officials. In the latest Army Order concerning separation allowances, one of the most important provisions is that dealing with the forfeiture of the man's pay on account of absence, imprisonment, or sickness in hospital, due to an offence under the Army Act. It is definitely laid down that in cases like this separation allowance will continue to the wife or dependent, but no allotment will be paid. If the sentence upon a man exceeds six months when on foreign service, or 28 days at home, both separation allowance and allotment will be stopped for the length of period the man is in prison. Where, however, imprisonment is less than seven days, allotment and separation allowance will both be paid to the wife or dependent, and the amount of the allotment deducted from the man's subsequent pay or money that may be due to him.

The woman as usual has to suffer for the man's shortcomings. When he is in prison or in camp his board and lodging are still provided, but his wife is to go without. Nor will she get help from the Prince of Wales's fund—her distress is not due to the War!

That may be so, but it is very likely to be due to the War Office! We gave last week an account of a man who ran away for a week-end to get a bath and a change of clothes because of the bad accommodation and verminous blankets supplied to him. If he was punished by more than seven days' imprisonment his wife will have his allotment deducted from her allowance. It is true that when a civilian is in prison he is unable to support his wife and children, but, as a soldier, a man who has been all his life a law-abiding citizen, may disobey orders through ignorance or sheer necessity, as did the man who ran away to get a wash. (And a soldier is told that one of his first duties is to keep himself clean!)

In any case the War Office intends, either through sheer stupidity, or through incredible parsimony, to visit his delinquencies upon his wife. It is more than time that soldiers' wives banded themselves together and protested against the many injustices which they are made to suffer!

The Woman's Political Union of Australia has issued a manifesto expressing "profound sorrow that the Statemanship of civilised nations has proved unequal to the task of averting a war that will bring misery and ruin to millions of innocent people, already overburdened by unjust social and industrial conditions," and hoping that "women, everywhere, the life givers of the world, will work henceforth with one mind to destroy the perverted sense of national honour, that can only be satisfied by the murder of men, and demand that international disputes shall be adjusted by arbitration."

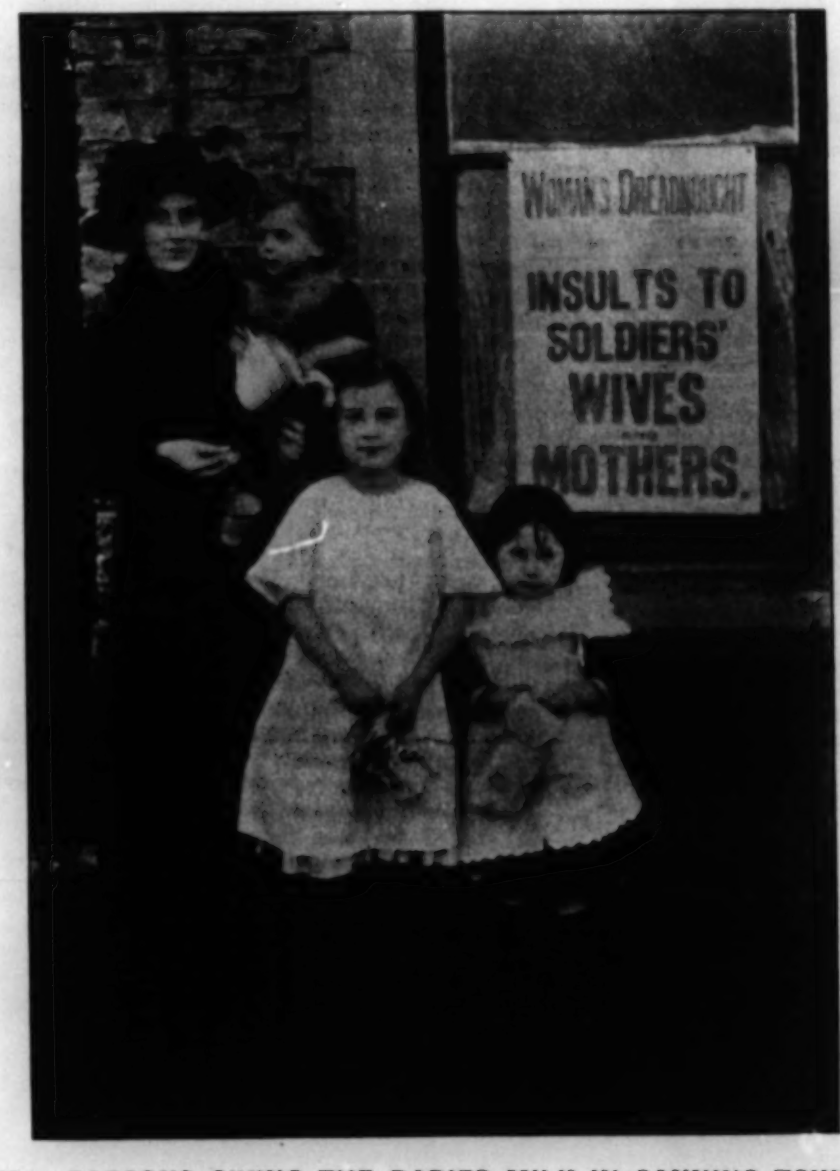
THOMAS HARDY'S POEMS.

Poems are not for the cursory reviewer. We cannot appraise their value, even their value to ourselves, without the close familiar knowledge that can only be gained by reading and re-reading at propitious times.

But I cannot feel that many of the verses in Thomas Hardy's* "Satire of Circumstance" are poetry at all. Are they not rather novelettes in rhyme?

Regret—for misunderstanding for loss and realization come too late—is the keynote of the book, it fills most of its pages and is the impression most faithfully portrayed.

But even the regrets and sorrows are too often of the shallowest and most trivial kind. The vicar sees his lady start out in "a plain tilt bonnet" and says "too dowdy that for coquetries," but as soon as she has turned the corner she draws an ostrich feather hat "from under her crinoline and meets a lover in the wood.



Mrs. PARSONS GIVING THE BABIES MILK IN CANNING TOWN.

A lady sees her idol, the clergyman,

"Stand with a satisfied smile
And re-enact at the vestry-glass
Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show."

A bride in her wedding dress asks her mother why she was so "molly-ish" as not to insist on her daughter marrying someone the bride herself did not choose, and says:—

"This man is a dolt to the one declined . .
Ah!—here he comes with his button-hole rose,
Good God—I must marry him I suppose."

A man goes back for his stick and hears "the girl of his choice" "rating her mother," and decides to escape from his engagement. An invalid discovers his wife buying "the last new note" in widow's weeds. All these are trivial people sketched in the midst of sordidly trivial incidents.

Was it necessary to give us so common-place an aspect of death as that in a *Lament*?

How she would have loved
A party to-day!
Bright hatted and gloved
With table and tray
And chairs on the lawn.
Her smiles would have shone . . .

There are others for instance, "*The Face at the Casement*," which force one to make the same protest.

A Thunderstorm in Town, the reminiscence of a man who missed an opportunity to kiss a lady in a hansom cab (why not a taxi?) is trivial too, but there is a certain charm in its cheerfully topical and unpretentious vein.

The Place on the Map is vividly modern in feeling. Humorous, though anything but lofty, is the story of the dead lady who asks successively:—

"Ah, are you digging on my grave,
My loved one?—planting rue?"
"My nearest dearest kin?"
"My enemy?—prodding sly?"

She learns that it is only her "little dog who still lives near."

Then follows:—

"Ah yes! You dig upon my grave,
Why flashed it not on me
That one true heart was left behind!
What feeling do we ever find
To equal among human kind
A dog's fidelity?"
"Mistress, I dug upon your grave
To bury a bone, in case
I should be hungry near this spot
When passing on my daily trot.
I am sorry, but I quite forgot,
It was your resting place."

Two of the compositions seem to refer to the war. The first is *Channel Firing*, in which occurs this passage:

"All nations striving strong to make
Red War yet redder. Mad as hatters,
They do no more for Christes sake
Than you who are helpless in such matters."

The second is called "Men Who March Away," and falls tame and flat.

But there are better things than these—here is one:—

THE SHRECKHORN.
(With thoughts of Leslie Stephen.)

Aloof, as if a thing of mood and whim,
Now that its spare and desolate figure gleams
Upon my nearing vision, less it seems
A looming Alp-height than a guise of him
Who scaled its horn with ventured life and limb,
Drawn on by vague imaginings, maybe,
Of semblance to his personality
In its quaint glooms, keen lights, and rugged trim.
At his last change, when life's dull coils unwind,
Will he, in old love, hitherward escape,
And the eternal essence of his mind
Enter this silent adamantine shape,
And his low voicing haunt its slipping snows
When dawn that calls the climber dyes them rose?

"*A Plaint to Man*" and "*God's Funeral*" deal with themes more suited to poetry than most of the subjects with which the book is filled. And make us wonder why poets should write so seldom as they do of the great wonderings of the universe, which thrill, at times, even the non-poetic heart.

We close the covers feeling that Thomas Hardy is essentially a novelist, a poet only now and then. E.S.P.

*Satires of Circumstance—Lyrics and Reveries, by Thomas Hardy, Macmillan.

"THE LARK THEN FOR WINTER."

Stepping up the hill laboriously, suddenly a lark starts into the light and pours forth a rain of unwearied notes overhead. With bright light, and sunshine, and sunrise, and blue skies, the bird is so associated in the mind, that even to see him in the frosty days of winter, at least assures us that summer will certainly return. Ought not winter, in allegorical designs, the rather to be represented with such things that might suggest hope than such as convey a cold and grim despair? The withered leaf, the snowflake, the hedging bill that cuts and destroys, why these? Why not rather the dear larks for one? They fly in flocks, and amid the white expanse of snow (in the south) their pleasant twitter, or call, is heard as they sweep along seeking some grassy spot cleared by the wind. The lark, the bird of the light, is there in the bitter short days. Put the lark then for winter, a sign of hope, a certainty of summer. Put, too, the sheathed bud, for if you search the hedge you will find the buds there, on tree and bush, carefully wrapped around with the case which protects them as a cloak. Put, too, the sharp needles of the green corn: let the wind clear it of snow a little way, and show that under cold clod and colder snow the green thing pushes up, knowing that summer must come. Nothing despairs but man. Set the sharp curve of the white new moon in the sky: she is white in true frost, and yellow a little if it is devising a change. Set the new moon as something that symbols an increase. Set the shepherd's crook in a corner as a token that the flocks are already enlarged in number. The shepherd is the symbolic man of the hardest winter-time. His work is never more important than then. Those that only roam the fields when they are pleasant in May, see the lambs at play in the meadow, and naturally think of lambs and May flowers. But the lamb was born in the adversity of snow. Or you might set the morning star, for it burns and burns and glitters in the winter dawn, and throws forth beams like those of metal consumed in oxygen. There is nought that I know by comparison with which I might indicate the glory of the morning star, while yet the dark night hides in the hollows. The lamb is born in the fold. The morning star glitters in the sky. The bud is alive in its sheath; the green corn under the snow; the lark twitters as he passes. Now these to me are the allegory of winter.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS for the FEDERATION.

By the HON. FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

At this season when everybody's mind turns naturally to the giving of Christmas presents, do not let our kind friends forget that the East London Federation of the Suffragettes still needs many things to make its work more effective and life easier for those responsible for carrying on the various activities which have been started. Among the things more urgently wanted, are a piano for the Women's Hall, Poplar, bookcase for the library books for the Club at Poplar, easy chairs, chests of drawers, show cases for toys and dolls at Old Ford Road; coal scuttles, linoleum, and a dress basket or trunk for conveying garments made in the factory to sales, etc. Also the price of putting the head office into telephonic communication with the factory at Norman Road, and the Women's Hall, Poplar.

With many thanks to all who have helped us during 1914.

NORAH V. L. SMYTH.

Of his own machine gun a French officer said to me:—"I don't believe men could stand mowing each other down like that if they met in a hand-to-hand conflict. But with the machine gun—you just go on turning the handle. The narrow streets of the town of Soissons, where we had been fighting all day, were piled up on each side with men where the machine gun had been playing all the afternoon."—Mabel Dodge, in the *New York Masses*.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE.

WOMEN! JOIN THE
East London Federation of the Suffragettes —
WE NEED YOU!

I wish to become a member of the EAST LONDON FEDERATION OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Name.....

Address.....

I enclose 1½d. to cover membership and postage.

I enclose 4s. 4d. for a year's WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

Name.....

Address.....

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Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes,

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Can be obtained at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH and SONS, and Messrs. WILLING.

Annual Subscription: Post free, 4s. 4d.

No. 41.—Saturday, Dec. 26th, 1914.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service.

MAKE READY TO WIN THE VOTE NEXT YEAR.

When Sir Edward Grey announced to Parliament that the Government had decided to be in the War, he said:—

"For us, with a powerful fleet which we believe able to protect our commerce and to protect our shores and to protect our interests if we are engaged in war, we shall suffer but little more than we shall suffer if we stand aside.

When he used these words Sir Edward Grey was referring to the cost to the country in trade and commerce, not in the lives of its men who have gone to the front to die, nor in the heavy burden of sorrow that the mothers and wives of the men are having to bear.

It is true that at any time of trade depression, the people, and especially the women and children, suffer grieviously from lack of the necessities of life, and the babies at home die off as rapidly as the soldiers in the War. Therefore any chance of trade depression is a most vitally serious matter, which the Government should view always from the standpoint of its effect upon the lives and happiness of the people.

It is the duty of the Government to regard both peace and war primarily from this all important aspect. Does the Government so regard this War? We may judge of that from the parsimonious doling out of relief to those who have lost their work through the War, and from the intolerable delays which have attended the grant of a meanly bare subsistance to the soldiers' and sailors' wives. We may judge of it too by the insulting regulations to which these poor women have been subjected!

But what does Mr. Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, say of the bombardment of the East Coast towns, in which a large number of people, half of them women and little children, and almost all of them non-combatants, have been killed?

In writing to the Mayor of Scarborough, a letter intended for the Press and for all of us to read, Mr. Churchill devotes but brief and hasty words of regret to the people who have been shot, and then goes on:—

But viewed in the larger aspect, the incident is one of the most instructive and encouraging that have happened in the War. Nothing proves more plainly the effectiveness of British naval pressure than the frenzy of hatred aroused against us in the breasts of the enemy. This hatred has already passed the frontiers of reason. It clouds their vision, it darkens their counsels, it convulses their movements. We see a nation of military calculators throwing calculations to the winds; of strategists who have lost their sense of proportion; of schemers who have ceased to balance loss and gain. Practically the whole fast cruiser force of the German navy, including some great ships vital to their fleet and utterly irreplaceable, has been risked for the passing pleasure of killing as many English people as possible, irrespective of sex, age, or condition, in the limited time available. *To this act of military and political folly* they were impelled by the violence of feelings which could find no other vent.

This is very satisfactory, and should confirm us in our courses. Their hate is the measure of their fear. Its senseless expression is the proof of their impotence and the seal of their dishonour. Whatever feats of arms the German navy may hereafter perform, the stigma of the baby-killers of Scarborough will brand its officers and men while sailors sail the seas. Believe me, dear Mr. Mayor, yours faithfully,

(Signed) WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

Mr. Churchill says that:—

"The incident" is "instructive and encouraging," that it "proves the effectiveness of British Naval pressure," "is very satisfactory and should confirm us in our courses." He offers no word of apology or regret that the coast towns were left unguarded, and makes no promise of further protection now. He speaks of the German raid on our coast as "an act of military and political folly." Ah so it might have been had our coasts been guarded, but as it was, whose has the folly been? And whose the loss? Lightly, indeed, for the man chiefly responsible, does Mr. Churchill cast the losses of Scarborough and Hartlepool aside!

The grief of the men women and children who have lost those whom they love through the bombardment, the Government can do nothing to assuage, but what practical compensation will it make to the families whose breadwinners have been killed?

Mr. Churchill's letter to the Mayor ought to have contained a pronouncement on this point. The Government's first thought and act should have been for the injured and the bereaved. But we need not be surprised that no Government pronouncement has yet been made, nor have we reason to hope that adequate compensation will be given, in view of the Government's treatment of soldiers' and sailors' wives and widows.

How bitterly indeed has the great war brought home to us the hopelessly helpless position of voteless women! Is the War Office over busy with recruiting? Yes, then the wives' and children's payments must be delayed. Are the war costs heavy to the tax-payer? Yes, then the wives and mothers of soldiers must be put under police supervision, in order that the expenses of paying allowances to some of them may be saved. and various mean little excuses for not paying out some of the money must be devised.

Do the soldiers contract diseases which spring from drinking and immorality? Yes, then the women must be attacked again. All women must be kept out of public-houses, and even out of churches at certain hours. Some women, whom police officials may choose to name, are ordered to stay indoors as soon as the clock has struck 7 in the evening and are clapped in prison if they dare to leave the house before the next morning at 8. When the United Suffragists waited upon the military commander, who is responsible for the Cardiff Order to this effect, he plainly said: "I do not care a scrap for morality. I am only trying to protect the health of my troops." He did not care for morality nor for the liberties of women. It was nothing to him that some respectable woman might unjustly be dubbed a prostitute, and many unfortunates be made to pay blackmail to the police to have their names kept off the list! He did not care for morality, he did not think it his business to secure that his troops should be even decently respectable in their dealings with the ordinary woman and girl. He wanted to protect his troops from a fearful disease that would impair their fighting powers, and that was all.

The Order that the military commander issued in Cardiff has been upheld by the Government. Five women, at first, were netted in by it, to be followed speedily by another five, and protesting deputations of women have gone to the Government without result.

We women must not shut our eyes to the lact that Josephine Butler's splendid struggle has been all in vain. The State Regulation of Vice in the British Isles is a solid fact to-day.

The glorification of war. of mere death-dealing force, has brought these reactionary evils upon us with a rush. Before the War the woman's movement was growing apace amongst us. It stands for civilisation and the arts of peace, for the enobling of motherhood. the watchful progressive cherishing and education of the child, for home-building and national responsibility for the efficient housing and provision of bodily and mental food for the people, for the development of the finer, gentler and more human qualities, for which there is no place amid the inevitable cruelties of war.

Before the war the woman's movement seemed great amongst us. Women had toiled for it patiently and fought with infinite sacrifice to weld it. But how precarious is its foothold without the vote to safeguard what it wins!

It is no use blinding ourselves to the fact of the present re-action. We must face it and consider deeply what we as women ought to do.

When we have won our vote we must indeed strive to use the political power that it will bring us, to insure that there shall be an end to the war. We must determine that our nation's foreign policy, treaties with other countries and the choice of peace or war, shall not be secretly decided without consulting the populace, by a little group of Cabinet Ministers and persons of influence.

The New York *Masses* contains an interesting article by Roger W. Babson, a technical adviser to American financiers, who says:—

"The most thoughtful bankers, business men, and labour leaders are agreed that world peace must come as a by-product. We cannot go out and seek peace by damming up the stream, but rather we must first provide some other channel through which the stream may flow. The different countries of the world are to-day very much in the same position as were the 13 American colonies a 140 years ago. At that time each colony had its army and government, and was the competitor of the others. Some one conceived the idea of their getting together, and especially that they form a court to settle their difficulties. But there were those among them who were bright enough to see that if the federal government had only a court, revolutions would continue, and it would be broken up before many years. Therefore the idea was conceived that the Court should be supplemented by legislative and executive departments. It was further provided that the vote of the different colonies in this Congress and the Executive officers should be proportional to their respective populations."

"This provided machinery whereby any section of the country could get any law repealed or enacted, which it desired to do by getting a majority of votes. As any section when armed must have had a majority of the able-bodied men above 21 years in order to succeed in an armed conflict, there was, under such a form of government, no object in bringing about an armed revolution. Or, to state it in another way, revolutions within nations still exist to-day as they did in the past, but ballots take the place of bullets! As we look back upon the history of our country, we may clearly see that our legislative body has acted as a safety valve which has kept the country together and enabled each district to remain quiet to a fair degree of contentment. Furthermore, our common sense tells us that if it were not for this legislative body, the country would be divided into a dozen different republics to-day. Simply a court would never have held the conservative and progressive interests together."

Mr. Babson appends to this article a leaflet which is being widely distributed in America, and in which these words occur:—

"Unless we are willing to join other nations in yielding some of our sovereignty rights for the good which would come to us from such a federation, then we should be prepared to fight. Whether or not such a world federation would be to our immediate advantage may be a debatable question; *but all should realise that there is no half way step, for most of the customary peace talk is utterly unsound.*"

Is the time ripe for an International Government? That is a question which each one of us can do our part in answering, but the answers of the women will scarcely be heard until they get the vote.

We *must* get the vote—we must toil and strive and fight for it—we need it vitally to safeguard the interests of the women, nay, of the entire race. The vote is more necessary to us at this moment than it ever was before.

And now a word especially to our East London Federation. Dear fellow members, we have an important part to play. We stand peculiarly, as no other Suffrage society does, for the working woman, her rights, her interests, her point of view, her share in the dignity and responsibility of the nation's life. And these are precisely the things that were lacking to the Women's Suffrage Movement until now.

Others have stepped away for time from the ranks of the women striving for the vote. That only means that there is more for us to do.

If others have laid aside the flag, it is for us to bear it on. We must do more to win the vote in the New Year than ever we did in the old.

For the present—Best Wishes for Christmas. Be ready to win the vote in 1915!

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

NO WOMEN CONSTABLES FOR CHESTER.

The women of Chester, who approached the Watch Committee with a view to the formation of a roll of women constables to supervise women and girls in the city after dusk, in consequence of the presence of a large number of soldiers in the city, have now abandoned the idea. The Chief Constable expressed the opinion that, as there is no large camp in Chester, it is unnecessary to form women patrols. From this one might think that before the war and except where soldiers are encamped no man ever overstepped the bounds of propriety and no young girl ever went astray. But we must remember that the soldier is the only individual whom the authorities are anxious to protect nowadays! The Chief Constable suggested, as an alternative, that a canteen to which girls could resort in the evening would serve as a useful means of safeguard against the dangers to which attention had been called. Steps, therefore, are being taken to give effect to this suggestion, and it is hoped that a woman's canteen will be opened in Chester early in the new year.

Mrs. H. of Poplar, a soldier's wife, is in a very poor state of health, and badly needs a rest and change. We can send her away to a convalescent home, but she has no one who can take care meanwhile of her three children, a boy of 6, a girl of 4, and a boy of 2. Who can offer a home to these children for a few weeks, to give the mother this chance of recovering her health?

THE E.L.F.S. SAVINGS CLUB starts with the first Branch Meetings of the year—

In Bow, Friday, January 1st.
In Canning Town, Thursday, January 7th.
In Poplar, Tuesday, January 5th.

Overheard in Bow: "It's a shame to charge that amount for coal to poor people—1s. 7d. a hundred!" "Why are they so much dearer?" "Why, because they're hard to get. They charge more because they're scarce! It's a shame!"

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE.

AGAINST WAR.

PROTESTS IN RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

It is intesting to note that although their respective nations are fighting, Russian and German Socialists say almost exactly the same things about the European War.

Dr. Karl Liebknecht's speech, which he was not allowed to deliver on the occasion of his vote against the German "War credits," expresses very much the same sentiments as the manifesto of the Russian Socialist Party, whose Parliamentary leaders left the Duma as a protest against the voting of War Credits in Russia.

"This war (writes Liebknecht) was desired by none of the peoples involved, nor is it being waged for the well-being of the German or any other people. It is an Imperialist war, a war for the rule of the world market, for political domination over important territories, of exploitation for industrial capitalists and financiers. From the standpoint of the competition in the armaments of war, it is a war provoked by the war parties of Germany and Austria jointly, in the darkness of semi-feudalism and secret diplomacy, to gain an advantage over their opponents. At the same time the war is a Bonapartist effort to disnerve and to split the growing movement of the working class, which, despite remorseless and unsparing attempts to create confusion in its ranks, has developed greatly of late.

"The German watchword 'Against Tsarism' is proclaimed for the purpose—just as the present British and French watchwords are proclaimed,—to exploit the noblest inclinations and the revolutionary traditions and ideals of the people, in stirring up hatred of other peoples. Germany, the accomplice of Tsarism, the model of political reaction until this very day, has no standing as the liberator of the peoples. The liberation of both the Russian and the German people must be their own work."

The Russian manifesto takes the same tone —"The European War (it runs) for which the Governments and Capitalist parties of all countries have been preparing for decades has broken out. The growth of armaments; the extreme intensification of the struggle for markets between 'advanced' countries at this latter day Imperialist stage of Capitalist development; the dynastic interests of the most backward monarchies of Eastern Europe—these influences were bound to bring about and did bring about this war. The grabbing of territories and the subjugation of other nations; the ruin of a rival nation; the pillage of its wealth; the diversion of the attention of the workers from internal political crises in Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and other countries; the division in the workers' ranks by 'nationalist' duping; the selection of their advance guard with the object of weakening the revolutionary movement of the working class—such is the sole and real meaning of the present war."

The manifesto strongly denounces the ruling classes of Germany in urging the people to defend their country against the despotism of Russia. 'As a matter of fact,' the manifesto declares, 'The Capitalists of Germany by their servility towards the Prussian Junkers and their head, Wilhelm II., have always been the most faithful allies of Tsardom and the enemies of the revolutionary movement of the workers and peasants in Russia. As a matter of fact, these very Capitalists, in alliance with the Junkers, whatever the result of the war may be, will do all they can to support the Tsar's monarchy in its struggle against the Russian revolutionary movement."

These pronouncements come from those in Germany and Russia, whose business it is to safeguard the interests of the workers. But if they would put an end to war, they must enlist the help of the women of every country and give them the power to decree that wars shall cease.

We urgently need more money to find work for more unemployed women.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY IN OTHER COUNTRIES!

The thunder of shot and shell, the shouts of victory cannot drown, in women's ears, the voices of mothers weeping for their sons, the wailing of children left fatherless in a stricken country. Not all the bands and banners, not all the patriotic demonstrations, or the pride of conquest can make us forget that every man who lies dead on the field of battle, or mutilated and dying in the hospitals, represents for his father and mother their pain and love, their toil and care, and their humanity—the hope and promise of the future.—Miss Vida Goldstein, of Australia.

"In Illinois we have gotten beyond discussing whether woman suffrage is the best thing or not, we can only discuss how we can best use it. The thing that has surprised me most in the actual working out of it is the effect it has had on me and others like me. The somewhat aimless interest that I have have always had in public affairs has become definite, and has a 'punch' (to use a slang term) behind it. I feel part of the community, as I never did before. You would be surprised if you could see the women who have never had any interest except cooking and cleaning, who are waking up to study public affairs. It is the greatest thing that ever happened, educationally. Women who didn't care at all whether they got the vote—even those who opposed it—feel that now they have it they must make the best of it, and the first thing is study."—A Woman Voter of Illinois.

HELPERS AT THE WOMEN'S HALL, BOW.

THEIR GUNS SPIKED.

The war in Europe has pretty well spiked the guns of those who made suffrage militancy in England a plea for refusing the ballot to women in America. The English women drew the line at taking human life. The men of nine nations are now trying to take as many lives as possible. A cartoon in the Philadelphia North American shows on a background marked "Europe" a welter of men in deadly combat, while in the foreground Mrs. Pankhurst looks on with an inscrutable expression on her enigmatic face. The women's militancy compared with the men's is certainly "As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."—*From the American Woman's Journal.*

Kipling rejoices that all our 'petty social divisions and barriers have been swept away at the outset of our mighty struggle'—which does not mean that the working class have been invited to dine at Buckingham Palace, I suppose. What it means is that all men of low degree who possessed a glimmer of rebellion in them, have relinquished their own hopes and lined faithfully up under their rulers for the great sacrifice."

This is true also of the women who are still deprived of their citizenship. —*from the New York Masses.*

M. Yves Guyot has been calculating the probable cost of the war, and estimates it, supposing it to last six months, at 4,265 millions of pounds sterling.

OUR BROMLEY CENTRE.

"Today all Europe is plunged into a wretchedness of shipwreck of all humane and cultural life. Death and misery and poverty are abroad, and hatred is in the saddle. Men have made war upon each other; they have stood Friendliness and Common Weal against a wall and shot her down. The resulting unhappiness is not alone for Europe; it is spreading to this country. No country today liveth to itself or dieth to itself.

"No woman in any country has had a voice as to whether that country should go to war or remain at peace. No woman has helped to choose Parliaments and Chambers of Deputies and Reichstags and Councils and Ministers. No woman has voted armaments and dreadnoughts and war funds. No woman has had a voice as to peace or war. If she had had a voice—if for generations the mother of the species had been able to make her will known and her yea or nay counted—we might see peace today. War need not be."—*Mary Johnston in the Virginia Suffrage News.*

To the Editor of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

When it was announced that the soldiers' wives were to be paid weekly through the medium of the Post Office, it seemed possible that all the trouble and inconvenience to which they had previously been subjected would come to an end, but after four weeks trial, the muddle, which apparently arises from indifferent authorities and inefficient clerks seems to me to become daily more complicated.

One case, which after all is only typical, particularly attracted my attention. A woman whose husband enlisted in August came in to me, and I found that her weekly allowance for herself and one child was fixed at 9s. 9d. per week, and knowing that the correct amount due was 18s. 6d. per week, I enquired whether she knew of any reason why she should be receiving such an inadequate sum. She said that for about five weeks after her husband enlisted, she received no money whatever, but that at the end of September two money orders were sent to her from the Regimental Paymaster. Not knowing what money was due to her, and never dreaming that the Authorities would pay her more than was due, she cashed the two orders, and spent the money in paying her debts. Her husband, she said, had been out of employment for a length of time before he enlisted, so that she was then in debt, and when the War Office had kept her waiting so long without money, she was plunged further and further into debt, so that the whole of the money was soon spent in that way. A notice was then sent to her from the War Office, announcing that owing to some mistake, her arrears had been paid twice, and that she must refund the amount of one of the orders. As she had already spent the whole of the money, she was, of course, unable to do this, so she wrote an explanation to the Paymaster whose reply was that a certain fixed sum would be deducted weekly until the amount had been repaid. Her weekly allowance has, therefore, been fixed at 9s, 9d. per week, on which to keep herself and her baby, who is ill. Of course, she has had the money, but a woman cannot live on what she has had, any more than she can live on fair promises of what she is to have in the future, and as this woman said to me, it is very hard that the whole brunt of the error should fall on her shoulders, when it was quite as much due to the carelessness of the authorities, as to her own ignorance. I should also like to call attention to the fact that if a clerk in the Post Office should make an error in paying out an amount, the loss would be the clerk's, not the payees. If the clerk or sub-postmaster of an office must be responsible for his mistake, why should not the Government shoulder its responsibility, and bear its losses? Such an arrangement, too, would have the desirable effect of forcing the Government to provide an adequate staff of efficient clerks, instead of overworking a small, and often underpaid staff, besides doing away with all, or any rate, the greater part of the errors which have caused so much distress and inconvenience to the women.—Yours, etc.

E. A. M.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

With soul abased I cry in sore distress:
"Oh Lord, I bring Thee all that I possess,
My self — my wayward will — my happiness!"
"Soul, nought is thine to give—so must thou take;
Thy part, unseen, to suffer—not to make:
To bear, but not to do, for Love's own sake."
"How to endure earth's laughter—Heaven's frown!"
But, lo, the King of Sorrows bends Him down
And on my burning forehead binds His crown.
And though the thorns of bitter anguish tear
My fainting heart, what rapture past compare
Love's utmost guerdon thus with Him to share! SYBIL SMITH.

COMMUNAL LIFE.

The journey in the closely packed motor bus from Partenkirchen was indescribably hot and tiresome. The sun poured down on us, and the dusty road and the air inside was heavy with petrol fumes.

We had seen so many pine trees that our eyes were wearied with watching, and here the dust lay thick on every branch, and the ground between the straight stems looked parched and dry.

For many days we had seen the roadway everywhere bordered at intervals of a short yard or two with upright stones, they seemed to us like narrow tombstones. We thought of the countless numbers of labourers who have toiled to cover the face of Europe with a net-work of such roads, cutting their way through the hard rock, and skirting dangerous heights, and everywhere leaving behind them a single file of stones. Fitting, indeed, is the resemblance that these landmarks bear to tombstones, for everyone of them may well stand for the life of some toiler, who gave himself for little pay and less understanding and recognition of his value, to the making of these roads. Wearily and with jolting and straining we climbed the last steep hill, and then, all suddenly and unawares, we descended into the pleasant valley of Oberammergau. The sunshine seemed to have lost its fierceness, the lines of the hills sloped gently, and the greenest of grass that covered them was flecked with blue gentians and yellow primula.

The houses in the little village are painted with biblical frescoes, and in those days, all were gaily hung with bunting in honour of the Passion Play. The village was thronged with strangers, but each one found himself welcomed as a friend. The charges to be made for hospitality were decided by a Committee of the villagers, and the guests were apportioned by the Committee to the houses in which they were to stay.

Oberammergau is, or perhaps we must say was—for what place can be unchanged in Europe now?—unlike any other European town and village. The communal spirit pervaded everything. It was a village of highly skilled craftsmen selling their own wares from their own homes or at the few general shops. Anton Lang, the potter, with the wise kindly eyes, was the Christ in the Passion play. His wife had played Mary. Her father was the teacher of the chorus. Anton Lang's was the largest of the guest houses, and Mrs. Lang, who managed the entire hotel and shop business, was a thoroughly capable manager. She was beside a most delightful hostess. She spoke English extraordinarily well, and told us that in order to learn it she had gone to England as a nurse-maid.

Judas, who played his part with brilliant vigour, and seemed like a living flame on the great stage as he sprang rapidly to and fro in his yellow dress, was a gentle old wood carver at other times.

John, Peter, and most of the others were carvers too, for carving is the staple industry of the place. A beautiful little crucifix made by one of the players hangs in my room to-day. I know that if it had been made anywhere else I could not have bought it for so little money as I paid for it, but I know, too, that the carver had not produced it in a noisy factory for sweated wages, but in his own comfortable workshop, and that he received all but a small percentage of the profit of his labour.

The Oberammergau people are unlike their neighbours at Ammergau. At Oberammergau beside the Passion Play, and other plays that are always going on, there is a communal circulating library of books and pictures, and there are special communal arrangements for seeing and buying reproductions of famous works. At Ammergau there are none of these things, the people are as poor and uncultured as you could find anywhere else.

We are told that the plays, and the carving school and the crafts that have grouped themselves round it, have brought prosperity and culture to the workers of Oberammergau. Undoubtedly that is true, but the *system* under which the work is carried out has made possible the work and the culture and the beautiful kindly life of the place.

Skilled work, which develops our faculties, and in which we can take an ever growing and more vital interest, and a regular living wage for our labour so that we may not fear the wolf at our door, these are the things that most we need. These are the sure foundations on which to build happy and useful daily lives.

Let us hope that our East London factory may develop prosperously on sound co-operative lines, and that some day it may play as important a part in the communal life of East London as the carving school has done at Oberammergau.

FROM A GERMAN SUFFRAGE LEADER.

Dr. Kate Schirmacher, the well known German Suffrage leader, writing from Berlin to the American *Woman's Journal*, says:—

The electric cars of Berlin still have a majority of men conductors. A small number of women only are employed. They are wives or daughters of conductors gone to war. Men might have been easily found for these posts, but the company preferred to give the women work, instead of mere charity. They receive the same salary as the men who are beginners.

The relief work is splendidly organised. The State, the towns and the women's organisations are co-operating intelligently and efficiently. All the women's societies, the Socialist ones included, have united in a "Woman's National Service."

Berlin is giving relief to 64,000 families of soldiers. All applications are carefully examined, and, when necessary, relief is given at once, either in money or in food, clothing and fuel. All destitute children are looked after. They are divided into four groups, babies; children of kindergarten age (three to six): of school age (six to fourteen); and young people (fourteen to eighteen). They are fed, looked after, put into employment. The German Feminists are insisting upon the necessity of women developing their gifts and their will-power even more strenuously than before.

There are still so many men in the country that the public authorities have decided upon the execution of big public works (public roads, canals, railways, etc.), in order to prevent their non-employment. The protective labour legislation for women is kept up. Mainly by the women's efforts the harvest has been gathered, and the barns are full. The salaries, pensions of public officials and employees are regularly paid; so are interest and house rent. Special "House-Rent Offices" have been created, with the intention of conciliating the interests of landlords and tenants.

FROM A SUFFRAGIST PIONEER IN AMERICA.

The greatest atrocity is not the killing of a few persons with exceptional cruelty, or in ways that are contrary to the accepted rules of the game. The greatest atrocity is the game of war itself; the killing, strictly in accordance with military rules, of huge hecatombs of human beings. The war has been in progress barely four months, and it is estimated that the nations involved have already lost 5,000,000 men. Destruction of pictures or statuary pales into insignificance beside this enormous slaughter of human creatures.

A more enlightened age will see that war is a monstrous way of settling international disputes; and that it is scarcely less monstrous to plunge women into the dangers and miseries of such a conflict without their being consulted. In Europe men have sown the wind, and women and children are now reaping the whirlwind. In America, too, women and children may be forced to reap that terrible harvest, unless we do our best to promote the things that make for peace. One of these things is equal suffrage. —Alice Stone Blackwell.

This letter, which we are asked to publish, is being sent by a number of representative women to the WOMEN of GERMANY and AUSTRIA, as a Christmas Letter.

SISTERS,

The men of our countries have spoken to each other by manifestoes.

May not women do likewise?

Christmas draws near. Its message can be but a mockery for many, but those who strove to maintain peace desire to send a solemn greeting to such amongst you who shared our view. We have all been as pawns in the hands of those who proclaimed this world-contest. Are not we women made one in the anguish it brings, for every pang you suffer we know and share?

Caught in the grip of terrible circumstance, what can we do? Tossed like frail barks on this turbulent sea of human conflict, lashed into fury by the violence of passion, we can but moor ourselves to those calm shores whereon, like rocks, stand the eternal verities—Love, Peace, Brotherhood.

We pray you to believe that come what may we hold to our faith in Peace and Goodwill between nations. Kings, Emperors or Governments commanding loyalty can create technical enmity between us, but we own allegiance to that higher law which bids us live at peace with all men.

Though our sons are sent to slay each other, and our hearts are torn by the cruelty of their fate, yet through pain supreme we will be true to our common womanhood. We will let no bitterness enter into this tragedy, made sacred by the life-blood of our best, nor mar with hate the heroism of their sacrifice. Though much has been done on all sides which you, as deeply as ourselves, will deplore, yet we will steadily refuse to give credence to those false tales so freely told us, each of the other.

Can we not go further? Can we not find means to urge our rulers to call a truce and stay a slaughter which is appalling and disgracing Christendom? To the end that appeal to Wisdom and Reason may be made without delay, since it is these which in the last resort must decide the issues.

If, as we believe, it is our mission to preserve life, should not we—the women of each belligerent nation—unite at once with the women of neutral lands in strenuous effort to save the youth and manhood of Europe?

Even through the clash of arms we treasure our poet's vision, and already seem to hear "A hundred nations swear that there shall be Pity and Peace and Love among the good and free." May Christmas hasten that day. Peace on Earth is gone, but by renewal of our faith that it still reigns at the heart of things, Christmas should strengthen both you and us and all womanhood to strive for its return.

We are yours in this sisterhood of sorrow,

EMILY HOBHOUSE,
Mrs. HELEN BRIGHT CLARK,
MARGARET CLARK GILLETT,
SOPHIA STUGE,
LILY STURGE,
ISABELLA O. FORD,
THE HON. LADY BARLOW,
THE LADY COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

Every effort to spread the idea of the complete unrighteousness and the idiocy of war is worthy of praise.—ARNOLD BENNETT.

Children who can spare some of their Christmas toys should send some for our Children's Parties at Bow Baths, January 2nd, Poplar Town Hall, January 11th, Canning Town Public Hall, January 23rd. Parcels of toys should be sent to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow.

We want gifts of cakes, buns, sweets and oranges for our Children's Parties, also for our Members' Annual New Year's Party at Bow Baths, on the evening of January 2nd.

MOTHER TO CHILD.

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

How best can I serve thee, my child! my child!
Flesh of my flesh and dear heart of my heart?
Once thou warst within me—I held thee, I fed thee,
By the force of my loving and longing I led thee,
Now we are apart.

I may blind thee with kisses, and crush with embracing
Thy warm mouth in my neck, and our arms interlacing,
But here in my body my soul lives alone,
And thou answerest me from a house of thine own—
That house which I builded.

Which we builded together, thy father and I;
In which thou must live, O my darling, and die!
Not one stone can I alter, no atom relay—
Not to serve or defend thee, or help thee to stay—
That gift is completed.

How best can I serve thee? Oh child, if thy knew
How my heart aches with loving. How deep and how true,
How brave and enduring, how patient, how strong,
How longing for good, and how fearful of wrong
Is the love of thy mother.

Could I crown thee with riches! Surround, overflow thee
With fame and with power till the whole world should know thee:
With wisdom and genius to hold the world still;
To bring laughter and tears, joy and pain at thy will,
Still—*thou* mightest not be happy.

Such have lived—and in sorrow! The greater the mind
The wider and deeper the grief it can find;
The richer, the gladder, the more thou canst feel
The keen stings that a lifetime is sure to reveal!
O' my child! Must thou suffer?

Is there no way my life can save thee from pain?
Is the love of a mother no possible gain?
No labour of Hercules—search for the grail—
No way for this wonderful love to avail?
God in Heaven—O teach me.

My prayer has been answered. The pain thou must bear
Is the pain of the world's life, which they life must share,
Thou art one with the world, though I love thee the best:
And to save thee from pain, I must save all the rest:
Well—with God's help I'll do it.

Thou art with the rest. I must love thee in them;
Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy mother must stem
The world's sin. Thou wilt weep—and thy mother must dry
The tears of the world, lest her darling should cry!
I will do it—God helping.

And I stand not alone, I will gather a band
Of all loving mothers, from land unto land,
Our children are part of the world, do ye hear?
They are one with the world we must hold them all dear!
Love all for the child's sake.

For the sake of my child, I must hasten to save
All children on earth from the jail and the grave;
For so, and so only, I lighten the share
Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear—
Even so, and so only—

Women urgently need the Vote in order that they may help in averting the horrors of war.

POVERTY AND THE WAR.

By ANNE COBDEN SANDERSON.

A Belgian Socialist lately escaped with his wife from Brussels, arriving at Victoria Station the other evening, were met on the platform by a lady and gentleman wearing official badges, who inquired whether they needed any assistance. They gave them the name of an hotel where special terms were made for refugees, and the number of a 'bus to take them there. It was not only in England they had received help, for all along the journey they had met with kindnesses and goodwill. Often they had to walk long distances, and arriving weary and foot-sore at night, soldiers gave them up their beds and deprived themselves of blankets, in order that they might have warmth and shelter. "It is just as though we had been living in a chapter of Morris's "News from Nowhere," "everything given and nothing asked in return," he said.

This War, with all the terrible personal suffering it entails, has brought out a common feeling of human sympathy unknown in the more prosperous times of peace. The refugee, the wife and children of the soldier and sailor, and all whose sufferings are directly due to the War, are especially selected for Government and charitable relief.

To meet the necessary cost ordinary charitable funds are neglected by former subscribers, and their cheques are addressed instead to Buckingham Palace, for Royalty to dispense, and the state of the poor who are always with us is harder than before, for they have no share in the kindly human fellowship that gladdened the heart of my Belgian Socialist friend.

Widows and children of those who fall in battle are to have pensions or maintenance, the only question left to be settled is the amount to be given, and the Labour party are starting a crusade to demand a pension of £1 week for the childless widow in order that she may not compete in the women's labour market. No one, however, has suggested any help for the wives and children of the men who return home wounded, or for the men themselves who have been fighting in the trenches, and who return home to find no places in the trades they left, when they responded to the patriotic call to fight for home and freedom. These men will drift into workhouses and casual wards, where they are treated in a manner to degrade their manhood, and are hounded out from even that cold shelter to tramp the roads, and later to drift into prisons or to die as paupers in an infirmary. I have found men who have fought through and survived the Egyptian and South African wars, breaking stones or grinding corn in workhouses and casual wards, and whilst holding their good conduct discharge, left to rot on the midden of human misery.

To-day we are asked to help those who suffer in some direct manner from the effects of the War, as though there had been no distress before the War, and that it will cease when the War ends. With all the charitable committees, and in spite of Royal appeals there is an increase of 39 inmates over last year in the workhouse with which I am connected, there are 135 more in the fever hospitals, and an increase in numbers in infirmary, lunatic, and imbecile asylums, and more out-relief is also needed. With regard to the latter I should like to mention how varied are the amounts expended in different parishes—I will give as an example three adjoining Boroughs. Kensington spends about £17 a week in out-relief, Fulham £30, and Hammersmith £89.

The money comes directly from the parish rates, and the more humane districts, which are often the poorest, suffer financially by preserving the home, and leaving *their liberty* to *men and women*, instead of shutting them up as prisoners to live the hated and demoralising life of an inmate of a workhouse. The Local Government Board from time to time issues futile circulars recommending Boards of Guardians to give adequate relief, to preserve home life by leaving the widow with her children, and at the same time they allow the Barrack Poor Law schools to continue.

I paid my first visit to one of these schools the other day, and I found the discipline excellent, the cleanliness perfect, but the mechanical routine left no place for growth, or individual development in the child, for whose benefit afterwards the costly establishment was carried on.

The little girls crowded round me, they asked to see mothers, sisters, brothers, aunts, grandmothers, and human affection the sacredness of the family tie, seemed the reality of life, and not stone walls and bureaucratic government.

One lovely child of nine, holding tight to my hand said: "I want to be a laundress and live with mother—mother can't afford me." A week later I came by chance across a woman weeping, and I found she was the mother of the little girl whose sweet face had remained a picture in my memory. Her distress was caused because her two sons had been sent from India to go to the front, and she had missed seeing them as they passed through London, and she might never see them again. "You remember my boy that you sent away to the country because he was not strong, and now he is a soldier at the War." And then I recalled the tragic death of her husband, the funeral subscribed for by the neighbours, and she having to apply for assistance from the Poor Law to bring up her large family, and through all the struggling years the mother's love remained the mystery and the reality of life!

My Belgian friends tell me that the English have been very good to their refugees—they have not separated them, families of old and young have been kept together. They have not had to submit to the pitiless discipline of the workhouse, and the families of the soldiers and sailors have been saved the humiliation of applying to the Poor Law. It is, however, as human beings, and not as refugees, or dependents of soldiers or sailors that poverty demands just and honourable consideration and treatment. Numbers count even more than possessions to-day, for only numbers can save a nation. The people* are more powerful than they ever were before, they have it in their power to demand that justice shall be shown them, and this can only come by the destruction of a Poor Law system which puts discharged soldiers to stone breaking, and separates the mother from her child.

God save the People!

*[The *men* have the power—but not, alas, the *women*!—Editor of the WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.]

FACTORY ROAD!

As a Factory Girl saw it.

It was a very dull and wet day. I was walking along Factory Road, Silvertown, where there was a row of factories all down one side. There was a loud noise of machinery going. As I passed along from one factory to another, I could smell something nice mixed up with another smell which was very horrid. You may well think to yourselves "what must it be to work in these places!" We know that the smells cannot be helped, but they are one of the reasons why these factories should be visited more often by inspectors, so as to make them healthier, and happier for the people that are employed in them.

All of a sudden I heard a bell go. Then there seemed one mass of people, mostly men, rushing along to get to the shops, to buy their food for dinner. In a few minutes all was quiet again.

I spoke to several of the girls and asked them what kind of work they did. The young girls said that all day, from 6 o'clock in the morning till 6 o'clock at night, they packed the sugar into paper bags. The men grind up the sugar, which comes to the factory in huge lumps. Then it is sifted by the girls, as sometimes some pieces escape the machine. The girls' money is 10s. a week; the men's money is 24s. to 30s. a week. The girls have to work very hard all day and have not a minute to spare. There is danger in doing the work, for the continual contact with the sugar causes sugar-poisoning, which breaks out once a year.

OUR CHILDREN.

By GEORGE LANSBURY.

Most people in the Borough of Poplar have heard of the training school at Shenfield, the splendid suite of buildings erected some years ago to replace the dingy worn out ugly block in Forest Lane, Forest Gate. It is nearly 20 years ago since I first visited a Poor Law School, and much as I hate the very name of the Poor Law, I am glad to be able to say that the work done by good men and women on behalf of poor children has resulted in a very great improvement in their conditions, and nowhere is this improvement so marked as in the institutions controlled by the Poplar Board. In addition to the school at Shenfield, there is also a fine receiving home in East India Rd., Langley House it is called, and to it all the children over three years of age needing assistance are sent in the first instance, and after a few weeks probation are transferred to Shenfield, where, as a rule, they remain till the age of fourteen to sixteen.

Just now the school is occupied almost entirely by boys, only one small building accomodates girls, as it has been found necessary to transfer a whole school of boys from Dover. This school is called the Duke of York's, and consists of nearly 700 persons, teachers, officers and boys. They have taken over the entire girls' school, and where once girls and infants were housed you will now find red-coated boys learning to drill. The Poplar girls, except the few mentioned above, and some 30 who are housed in a temporary house in Brentwood, are boarded out at Ongar, at the Hackney school; at Shirley school, which is owned by Bermondsey; and at Leavesden, which belongs to St. Pancras. Some Guardians visit these boarded-out children each week. It is worth remembering in these days when we hear so much about what it costs a mother to bring up a child, that the Poplar ratepayers are paying these other Boards 10s. a week for each child and that the ages range from 3 to 12.

The older girls are at a home called the Meads at Brentwood, mentioned above: here they are trained in every department of housewifery—washing and cleaning, dressmaking and cookery, and in addition they assist in the work of minding and caring for the 50 infant children who are housed here with them.

The other day I went with the Committee on a visit of inspection to Brentwood and Shenfield. We left London about 9 and arrived at the Meads at 10. It was a miserable day outside, but within everything was warm, comfortable and cheerful. Tiny children, 3 to 5 years of age, with nice clean bright faces, welcomed us with outstretched hands, and were so delighted to see us all; the education is not very important, they are kept as happy as is possible without real live mothers.

We went round the building looking into holes and corners, finding everything spotlessly clean. Girls were scrubbing, some cooking, some sewing, others tidying in the bedroom, but every one with a smile and from the Committee a word of good cheer. After an hour spent in this way we hurried off to Shenfield, and first went to see the small home with the few girls from 10 to 13 years of age. These gave us a hearty cheery "good morning," and then sang lovely school songs; here again it was happy cheerful faces which greeted us, and no one would realise these were Poor Law children. The girls were all self-respecting and without a shred of consciousness that they were different to any others, as in fact they are not. Then we went the round of the boys' training shops, stopping on the way to look into the great steam and electric laundry, where the washing for over a 1,000 persons is carried out each week. The shops are for various trades, bootmaking, tailoring, baking, engineering, carpentry, and in addition gardening is taught. But the most popular thing in the school is the band, which has for its conductor a man who for 30 years has given his best to the boys, and who now has the satisfaction of knowing that all over the world his boys have gone bearing with them the cherished happy memory of good days spent at Shenfield with him.

This morning they played for us valses and patriotic airs, and the teacher proudly conducting, proud once more that his powerful personal charm was as potent as ever in drawing the boys out to make their very best effort.

After this we sat down to a couple of hours routine work as a Committee and then dinner, which most of us needed, and then back to Bow.

Now I am home I decided to write this in response to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's wish that I should write something for her paper. The children I saw to-day are our children. Many of them have neither father nor mother, some are deserted, most are fatherless, and in a rough imperfect sort of way the Poplar Guardians—Liberal and Tory, Socialist and Alliance, are doing their best to give these fatherless ones a chance. No one can do so much for a child as its own mother under average conditions, but it is the fashion of the well-to-do to send their children to boarding school, I hope the day will come when, after a certain age, we shall all send our children to Municipal or State boarding schools, and boys and girls receive training in mind and body, the foundation for which shall be laid by good food, healthy hygienic homes, and bright cheerful natural surroundings, then we won't need special provisions for any class, but we shall give all the children born a chance to develop the very best that is in them.

I shall go and see these children on Chrismas day, as I have done for many years now, and my message to them will be that they are *our children*, and that we all, poor and rich, send them our best of good wishes for a bright, joyous Christmas, New Year, and always.

HOW SOLDIERS' WIVES LIVE.

Mrs. S., of Poplar, has five children, and she is expecting another in January. She does not get the full allotment from her husband, because she got a form from the War Office stating that her husband could not manage to spare her the full 9d. a day. She knows that the men in camp are often very poorly provided for, and so, as a result of this intimation, she has not the heart to claim the full allotment until her husband goes to France. At present she is only getting 22s. 3d. in all. Here is her weekly budget:—

	s.	d.
Rent	7	6
Bread (3 loaves at 3½d. a day)	5	8½
Firing	2	0
Gas	1	4
Meat	5	0
Drapery	1	0
Vegetables	2	6
3½ lbs. Margarine ...	1	9
Insurance	0	9
½ lb. Tea at 1s. 6d. ...	0	9
3 lbs. Sugar at 3½d. ...	0	9½
Milk	0	6
Soap, etc.	0	6
	£1	10 1

Mrs. S. is never able to provide any jam, bacon, eggs, or any such extras at breakfast or tea time. If there is any dinner left she makes it hot for supper, but if, as most frequently happens, there is not, supper consists of the usual bread and margarine!

As you see, she cannot make ends meet on the money she is getting, and could not on the 27s. 6d. that she is supposed to get. She has pawned all she can, and is in debt.

Mrs. S.'s eldest boy, though only 16, has pretended he is 18 and has enlisted. His mother is trying to get an allowance on his account. She expects her husband home for Christmas, and does not know where his Christmas dinner is to come from.

We demand that the minimum naval or military pension shall be £1 a week for the mother and 5s. a week for each child. Pensions to be granted as a right, not a charity. We demand that soldier's and sailor's wives shall be subject only to the ordinary law.

Soldiers' and sailors' wives should at once form an association to voice their demands, and to protect their interests. If only they could form an association of voters, they could easily safeguard their position. Like other women they need the vote!

"The Belgians have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease, to security, even to life itself," Mr. Asquith has written in "King Albert's Book," just published. Substitute "Suffragettes" for "Belgians," and "women" for "a people," and will Mr. Asquith sign it, then? Yet the sentiment remains the same.

ORIGINAL DETECTIVE.

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW & BROMLEY.

Organiser—Mrs. WATKINS.
321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

Owing to the War, Christmas will be a dark one to many this year, but we do wish all will have as happy a time as possible and a brighter New Year. Don't forget the Children's Party on the afternoon of Jan. 2nd; helpers are wanted to wait on the little ones; also the Members' New Year Party the same evening; both to be held at Bow Baths. Helpers for the Children's Party should give in their names at once, and be at the Baths at 12 o'clock. Members should call at 400 Old Ford Road for their children's tickets—we cannot pay postage. Tickets for members and friends for the New Year's Party now on sale, 3d. each, at 400 Old Ford Road and 321 Roman Road. Above all—please keep the date of the Conference open. All members **must** come to this, on Jan. 4th, at Bow Baths, 8 p.m., when we shall discuss our plan of campaign for the new year, and re-elect the officers and committee. Cakes, toys, clothes, sweets, etc., are still wanted for the Children's Party.

POPLAR.

THE WOMEN'S HALL, 20 RAILWAY ST.
DREADNOUGHT *Secretary*, Mrs. BIRD,

Christmas is upon us now, and we wish everybody a Happy Christmas.

Thanks to members who helped by collecting on "Milk Days."

Who will take boxes for collecting for Federation through the holidays. For the Children's Party at Poplar Town Hall, on Jan. 11th, at 6 o'clock, will members please apply for tickets in office, as we cannot afford money for stamps to post them all.

Do not forget date of Conference, Jan. 4th, Bow Baths, 8 p.m., when everybody must come; also Bow Baths on Jan. 2nd, for Members' Party (tickets 3d. each); fancy dress or not, whichever you like best.

I hope members will return after holidays full of energy, and determined to win the Vote in the coming year.

Dreadnoughts sold during week ending Dec. 18th—Mrs. Schlette 70 (office 30). Distribution—Mrs. Schlette with helper 900, Mrs. Neuss 200, Mrs. Gavino 100, Mrs. Garland 200, Mrs. Bird with helpers 700.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Hon. Sec.—MRS. DAISY PARSONS,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

Organiser: Miss MARY PHILLIPS,
Centre for Tidal Basin and Custom House—
14 Butchers' Road.

Milk subscriptions—Miss Greenleaf 6.6½, Two Friends 10.6, Miss Mary Phillips 13.7½, Miss Nicholas 5.1, Miss Penn 1.0, Rev. T. Varney 2.6, Miss Holmes 7.0, Miss Inage 1.0, Mrs. Pullen 7¾, Mrs. Tidmarsh 1.3, Miss Hopkins 5.0, Miss Gwen Richard 1.0, Daisy Parsons 2 0.0.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

GENERAL FUND.

G. Lansbury, Esq. 3.0.0, Share of Profit on Caxton Hall Meeting with United Suffragists 1.0.6. Anon. (Hornsey) 10.0, Tom Norris (monthly) 5.0, Mrs. Drake, collected 1.9, Sale of Work (Poplar) 4.3½.

FOR MILK AND GENERAL DISTRESS:—Mrs. Straight 20.0.0, Miss Metcalfe 10.0.0, Mrs. Merryweather 5.0.0, Mrs. Boase 5.0.0, Anon. 5.0.0, Rev. H. K. Hope 5.0.0, Miss E. Cotton Haig 4.10.0, J. Leakey, Esq. 3.0.0, Lady Antrim 2.10.0, A. Farquharson, Esq. 2.2.0, George Lansbury, Esq. 2.0.0, Mrs. Digby-Maitland 1.13.6, per Mrs. Parsons 1.12.10½, Mrs. Green 1.4.0, Dr. Tchaykovsky 1.1.0, Mrs. A. Lea Smith 1.1.0, A. Brown, Esq. 1.1.0, H. Constantine 1.1.0, Miss Tebbitt 1.1.0, I. L. Teed 1.0.0, Mrs. Waring Smyth 1.0.0, Mrs. S. M. Lloyd 1.0.0, Anon. 1.0.0, per Miss D. Gregory 12.0, per Lady Sybil Smith 11.6, per Edmund Crocker, Esq. 10.6, M. B. W. 10.0, Miss M. Oran Mends 10.0, Mrs. F. E. Smith (1.0 weekly) 10.0, J. Downie, Esq. 10.0, Anon. per Lady Sybil Smith 10.0, Anon. 10.0, T. A. L. 10.0, Rev. Cyril Isherwood 10.0, Mrs. Pleister 10.0, Miss F. Woollan 10.0, Miss Yeoman (weekly) 10.0, Miss H. J. Pole 10.0, Mrs. Mayne 10.0, per Miss Tuford 7.0, Mrs. Usherwood 5.0, per Miss F. Pell 5.0, Miss M. Pechey 5.0, Mrs. Richmond (weekly) 5.0, Mrs. E. Ross 5.0, Anon. 5.0, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds 5.0, Mrs. E. M. Casserley 5.0, A. 5.0, R. H. Pott, Esq. 5.0, P. E. Harbott, Esq. 5.0, G. I. Webber, Esq. 5.0, Laurence Housman, Esq. 4.6, Sale of Work, Poplar 4.3½, Carol Singers 4.0½, Eleanor and Marjorie Mayne 3.6, Mrs. Newman 3.0, Miss E. Howard 3.0, per A. G. Chandler 3.0, Miss M. Cann 3.0, Tommy 2.6, Miss Burnham 2.6, Miss Maclaen 2.6, Miss Hicksen 2.6, J. W. Diboll, Esq. 2.6, Mrs. Dewsnap 2.0, Miss L. Glanfield 1.6, Miss Mackenzie 1.0, Mrs. Powles (weekly) 1.0.

Milk Collection.—Anon. 3.0, Miss Putnam 1.5.0, Mrs. Drake 1.4.8½, Mrs. Ives 2.11½, Mrs. Watkins 10.0½, Mrs. Walker 6.9½, Two Friends from Bow 10.3, Mrs. Tollan 3.3½, Mrs. Bird 1.2.6, Miss Ashley 7.11½, Miss O'Brien 6.2, Miss Gore Browne 15.2½, Miss Elsa Myers 4.7½, Miss Barry 4.3, Miss Brewster 2.6, Miss Joachim 1.7, Miss Wilmore 8.4, Miss Anon. 3.10, Mrs. Farrall 3.8½, Miss Burgess 1.11½, Mrs. Saunders 11.0, Miss Lagsding 9.5½.

CLOTHES.—Miss M. Pechey, Mrs. Reinold, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Halliday Gibson, Mrs. Arncliffe Sennett, Mrs. Medd, Mrs. Auerbach, Mrs. Henderson, Bournemouth Women's Social & Political Union, Miss L. Pye, Baby Lover's Club, Mrs. Haverfield, Mrs. Cox, Miss I. V. Yeoman, Mrs. Lobely, Miss M. V. Beverley, Miss O. L. Cobb, Miss C. Staslock, Mrs. Dewsnap, A Member of the W.S.P.U., Mrs. Kahn.

CRADLES.—Mr. Bracknell.

A TURKEY for the Restaurant—Anon.

MOTHERS AND BABIES.

We lend necessitous mothers outfits for their babies, for the first months.

With the money subscribed for finding employment, we are getting baby clothes made, and paying unemployed women for making these things. Those who would give money and materials for making baby clothes would help in one of the best possible ways. Gifts of baby clothes can be made good use of, also nightdresses, quilts, blankets and sheets for the mothers. Even old sheets can be cut up for babies' napkins.

Each baby's outfit should consist of:—

FOR BABY.

Four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests and a cot blanket.

FOR MOTHER.

Two nightgowns, a woollen shawl, three towels, two sheets and one pair pillowcases.

Our milk bill increases weekly. We urgently need subscriptions towards it; also gifts of:—

EGGS.

For invalids and babies who are too ill to digest milk, and are given the white of egg beaten up in water.

ARROWROOT, BARLEY & RICE, BORACIC POWDER, BORACIC LINT, VASELINE, ZINC OINTMENT, COD LIVER OIL AND MALT.

Dr. Jukes will attend at 400 Old Ford Rd. at 2.30 p.m. on Mondays beginning January 4th., and at 53 St. Leonard St., Thursdays at 2.30 beginning January 7th.

Dr. Royle attends 20 Railway St., Poplar, Monday, 3 to 5 p.m.

Nurse Hebbes has prepared us a chart for infant feeding, and this is published as a free leaflet. Mothers who wish to have it can obtain it at any of our centres.

Will you send us some money for the babies' milk.

CLOTHING STALLS.

Clothing stalls, where new and second-hand clothes may be bought at very low prices, are open at 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, on Fridays and Saturdays, at 20 Railway Street, Poplar on Monday at 6 p.m., and at 53 St. Leonard Street on Fridays and Saturdays. We shall be glad if friends can send us any clothes for these stalls. Boots and shoes are very urgently needed. The stall will be closed till January 8th.

All parcels should be sent to 400 Old Ford Road, E., addressed to Miss N. L. Smyth.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

At a special meeting of the Charity Organisation Society on the housing problem, Mr. Bernard Holland (L.C.C. Alderman) said that, on account of the War, *we should all, for a time, have to accept a lower level of civilization*, and dispense with luxury, not only in private life, but in the way of public improvements. The housing question would have to be postponed for some years.

A visit to some of the houses in East London makes one wonder what "lower level of civilisation" *could* be accepted "in private life."

As to public improvements it was expressly laid down by the Local Government Board and the Government Committee for the Prevention of Distress that, "where the demands of the normal labour market are inadequate the Local Committee (National Relief) should consult the Local Authorities as to the possibility of expediting schemes of public utility, which might not otherwise be put in hand at the present moment." In another memorandum sent to the Local Committees at the beginning of the War, it was said that, "the Local Authority will, of course, continue to push on all works already in progress, and it is hoped that in many cases they will be able to expedite other schemes of public work."

But the Local Authorities have been content to accept Mr. Bernard Holland's "lower level of civilisation," and the people of East London, having no "luxuries" to dispense with, have found themselves robbed of the necessities of life until the level at which they exist can hardly be termed one of "civilization" at all.

And where is that four million housing grant?

E.L.F.S. . .

ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S PARTY,

Bow Baths, Roman Rd.,

— ON —

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2nd,

AT EIGHT P.M.

SPLENDID CONCERT.

Miss Land
Miss Marguerite Beauvaer
Miss Beatrice Beauvaer
Miss Spong Miss Ruth Hill
Miss Irene Bouvaer
Miss Darling-Jacobs
Miss Murray Clark
Miss Inez Bensusan
Miss Janet Steer
M. Zevinskoyd

And others.

HERALD LEAGUE BAND.

DANCING,

Fancy Dress optional!

(Prize for the best dress.)

ADMISSION 3d.

Take a No. 8 Bus from the Bank or Liverpool Street almost to the door

BE SURE TO COME!

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

Bow Baths,
Saturday, January 2nd, 1915,
3 p.m.

Poplar Town Hall,
Monday, January 11th, 1915,
6 p.m.

Canning Town Public Hall,
January 23rd, 1915.

Admission by Invitation.

Who will send TOYS and CAKES for the Children?

WOMEN ENGINEERS.

Recently there has been trouble at Crayford, in Scotland, over the employment of women in engineering. The men in an important establishment objected to set up machines to be operated by women. The Executive Committees of the Employer's Federation and the Trade Unions have now agreed to temporary terms of settlement until the end of the War. The bargain is that women's labour shall be restricted to purely automatic machines used for repetition work, a purely automatic machine being defined as "a machine which after the job has been fixed requires no hand adjustment until the operation is finished."

So the workmen and the employers have settled the matter over the heads of the women, and, until the men come back from the War to turn the women out, the women are to be allowed to do work which is "purely automatic." Purely automatic work is bad for human beings and hinders their development. It is especially hard that anyone with a strong active brain should be refused a chance to rise above it, because she is born a woman.

Women are forced by men Trade Unionists to remain at dull automatic work because when women do skilled work, the rates of pay usually come down, because voteless women as the sweated drudges of the community are naturally employed at less than a living wage.

SONG OF THE FIRE.

I consumed the deep, green forest
With all its songs;
And now the songs of the forest
All sing aloud in me.

I watched the maiden spinning
I love a maiden's distaff
I love her spindle
That ceaseless flieth, still to be caught back,
For ever flying and yet never free.
Then said I: Maiden why dost watch me so,
And not thy dancing spindle?
Why dost thou hearken only to my songs
And never sing thine own?
Out there, the day has wedded with the night,
And the moon slyly smiled to see that wedding,
Whereat the birds grew dumb.
The maiden looks at me,
Instead of looking out, and wondering
At the great wedding of the day and night.
Child, child, now hear my song!
I dearly love dear love!
And thou, too, lovest love!
Wouldst sing thyself, and never hear my song,
But that thou lovest love.
The deep green forest, that I did consume,
He told me that a lovely thing was love,
There in the deep green forest,
Yet he said likewise, for he is not jealous,
That on the river banks,
And beneath cottage roofs,
Most lovely, too, is love,
And that in maidens' hearts it makes its dwelling,
Wherein it is much warmer, warmer, far,
Than thou art, here by me,
Or than mine own soul, that is warmth itself!
The forest thinks, too, that the laughing spring,
Who is his all-in-all,
Is nobody and naught compared with love,
And that he were to blame for growing green,
In spring, except love asked him to grow green:
The forest thinks that tears would die away,
If all had love, as ev'ry nest hath eggs,
And ev'ry head of maize its feathery cap.

All this the forest told me
And bade me tell it thee;
The forest I consumed, and who the while,
Struggling in death-throes, sang the praise of love.

Maiden, that sendest flying
And callest back thy spindle,
I have consumed the forest,
With all its songs,
And all the songs of the forest
Now sing aloud in me.

—A ROUMANIAN FOLK SONG.

Dear Miss Pankhurst,—

Some time ago our little society (Roaring River Woman Suffrage Association) received an appeal from Miss Newcombe of the newly-formed Union of British Dominions—asking for little garments for child sufferers from the war in Europe.

We are sending our little parcel to you—as head of the "East London Federation of the Suffragettes." It will be despatched in a few days by one of the members of the committee.

Please do not be disappointed at the smallness of our contribution. The Society, over which I have the good fortune to preside, is composed of poor farmers' wives.

Yet they have made these small garments themselves—and with loving thoughts for the dear children.

What I am trying to do here looks hopeless at times, yet I can see in the eyes of the women when I talk to them—the vision of a new ideal—and I am comforted and enabled to go on.

In these terrible times, it is not becoming to tell of hardships. Yet many of us have driven and walked many miles in bitter cold to do missionary work for our cause. And we must go right on—that war and all other evils shall be crushed out of existence.

Yours, GERTRUDE RICHARDSON.

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